

individual. One must be fully aware and absolutely attentive in order to live through what is being expressed.

Besides giving the person an outlet to enriched living, art also serves as a guide to the highlights of daily existence. It tries to make us notice the dramas of our own lives; the music of voices, winds, and moving waters; the color and patterns of our surroundings.

AMONG OUR FRIENDS . . .

Edna Rockwell

Our former Fairhope Correspondent of VILTIS, charming Edna Rockwell, who attended a whole year up "Nawth" at the U. of Minnesota in Minneapolis, has decided to attend the U. of Alabama from now on, and she "loves it". Tuscaloosa is a lovely old Southern town. Edna, heading for a musical career, plans to major in voice and minor in piano, with English, history and German on the side. Edna, Marian Huffman and Jimmy Mitchell, all Fairhopeans at the U. of A., attended a folk dance session, but were a bit dissatisfied, the three of them plan to change things. I hope they succeed. Fairhope is the folk dance center of the South; no one can pull wool on a Fairhopean's eyes. Edna is a NFF vet.

Sports A New Accordion

Lyle Rostad, North Dakotan folk dance leader and active member of the Farmers Union Juniors, is appearing at the Junior meeting with a gorgeously gleaming accordion, whose beauty catches everyone's eye. He writes that it gives him great gusto to play on that instrument.

Win Dance Contest

Miriam Rosenbloom and Arthur Damick teamed up to win acclaim as first class ballroom dancers in a contest sponsored by the South Side Hebrew Congregation on Sunday, October 13th. They were winners in fox trot, rhumba and jitterbug. 40 couples were in the contest. Well! We daclare!

Rockford and Atchinson Friends

Mrs. F. Bagdon of Rockford, likes VILTIS pretty well, in fact, she obtained several readers for VILTIS, among them, Mrs. Crosti, Mrs. S. Velatius, Mrs. S. Anderson, all from Rockford, Ill., and all members of the Lithuanian Cultural Club, and Mrs. J. Reppert of Richmond, Cal. Thanks loads.

Dr. Vladas Juodeika, instructor in French and German at the college in Atchinson, Kansas, sent in subscriptions for three others besides himself. They are Frances Shaulis of Reading, Pa., John Skinder and Mrs. Harriet Kuszleko both of Chicago. Thanks again.

Wins 4-H Scholarship

Lee Vern Brotherton, talented young No. Dakotan who is now attending Ellendale College majoring in music, won a \$200.00 4-H scholarship proving that he not only is good musician but also a good farmer. Lee Vern now studies piano full time, and plays clarinet in the band, is an accompanist to the Phys. Ed. instructress at the College, teaches piano and does many other things in the musical field. Previously he won a county award, a gold medal, a state award and a trip to the national congress — all 4-H awards. And he is only 17!

CONDOLENCES EXTENDED

To Mr. Alfred Board upon the death of his father, Mr. Francis Board, at Fulton, Mo., on October 2nd.

Mrs. Alice Stephens upon the death of her mother Mrs. Benedict (Josephine) Salaveicikas, on October 16th. Interment took place at the Lithuanian National.

Frank Jencius Teaches At Wright

Our tall, blond and handsome young Lith friend, Frank Jencius, who during the war looked quite snazzy in his uniform of Lt. (j. g.), is instructor of Mechanical Engineering at Wright Jr. College, Chicago.

VACATIONISTS

Paul and Gretel Dunsing are back in Chicago after a long and enjoyable summer at Camp Lake on the shores of the enchanting Lake Geneva, Wis., where they were recreational leaders for the YM and YW student camps. Now they are back to teach their groups. Paul, who is also attending classes at Northwestern University, is the foremost exponent of the North German folk dances in the United States. He has a published collection of beautiful North German folk dances, recently, a booklet of Dunsing's was published by the Co-operative Recreation Service of Delaware, Ohio, of which the noted folk dancer Lynn Rohrbough is in charge.

John Lister, piano student at the U. of C. and pianist for V. F. Beliajus at International House, returned from his vacation which he spent at home in Montana. John has been away from his native West for a few years, and remarked that he almost forgot how beautiful the West is. You bet your life!

Ronny Legler of Jamestown, N. D. who recently broke an arm and a few ribs, informed us that he got well in a hurry and took a trip to Colorado to see his brother Victor who is stationed there. Now he is attending college at Fargo. That's good news.

The Papciaks took a belated but extended honeymoon trip to the East. They were in Philadelphia, through Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, and of course, Niagara Falls. Eddie is the boy's activity director at NWU Settlement House. The Michael Rachwalskis, also big chiefs at the houses, returned from their Eastern sojourn in time to enable Miss Harriet Vittum, head Resident of the House, to leave for her well-earned vacation in California. Miss Vittums plans to return about November 14th.

Mrs. Kirby Wharton returned from Colorado to Fairhope, Ala., in time to preside at the District Meeting of the Federation of Music Clubs of which she is president.

BABIES



At Ft. Lewis, Washington, where the Chaplain is stationed, a daughter was born to Chaplain and Mrs. Wm. Rodney Shaw, both of Conway, Arkansas. The little bundle of joy was named Jerrilea. The Chaplain, a veteran of the European front, has been in the service for three years. Both are friends of VILTIS and among our early readers. Heartiest congratulations to the little family.

AS FOR MYSELF

It may seem unusual to you, but... only this season did I get to see my first ballet Russe performance. I've never had the time to attend concerts, even dance recitals, in spite of the fact that I am in the dance field. The Saretts have invited me several times each season to join the performance, but I never could. Finally, on one free Monday evening, my friends Mr. and Mrs. Hal Marris, invited me to see my first Ballet Russe. It did not live up to my expectations.

On that evening the program included Mozartiana, Bells, Pas De Deux and Scheherazade.

Mozartiana is a choreographic creation of George Balanchine. It was quite good. The dancing was of the classic ballet style, tho the Gigue dance by Stanley Zom-pakos seemed to contain more of the character of Andalusian Boleras than ballet. Nevertheless, he danced splendidly. The group numbers were particularly good.

The Bells, based on Poe's poem, choreography of Ruth Page, tho smacked more with modernism and less with classic ballet, was the evening's outstanding number. It was excellent dancing. Alexandra Danilova and Nikita Talin did some brilliant performing. The Pas De Deux, a duet and solos performed by Nathalie Krassovska and Leon Danelian, was a grand bit of true ballet danced with grace and poise. It was a pleasure to watch.

Scheherazade was less effective. It was neither Levantine nor ballet. The scenery was gorgeous, the costumes were rich and in a conventionalized way, true to that part of the Orient; but, save for the first dance by the three girls which was Levantine in character, everything else was mostly pantomime or, a form of jazzy jitterbugging. For something so lovely as is the music of Scheherazade, the performance itself was a pantomimic pandemonium in the midst of Oriental splendor.

It was an experience to see how "the other half of the world dance", and I'm grateful to the Morrises for taking me.

On September 30th we had a bit of rejoicing in the family: my aunt and foster mother, Mrs. Paulina Dulys, a widow for many years, was married. She married Mr. Anthony Urbutis, a widower. He is tall and a very healthy-looking man. And he had a flat! In this day and age in Chicago, Mind you! A flat! The wedding was a very quiet event followed by a dinner in the flat attended only by Kazy and Lil, Ernie and Estelle and their three cute children, Mrs. Severa Cinskas, aunt Frances Rozgus, the groom's two daughters, and me. I welcomed the newly-weds with the traditional custom of receiving them with bread and salt as they enter the threshold of their home.

I'm back to a full teaching schedule: every night of the week and all day Sunday from 10 to 5. Sunday I have a regular Lithuanian group and special groups Monday I teach in Roseland (way out south) a "Commie" Lith group (Oh well, if they can't be real Lithuanians in spirit than let those Russophiles be Lithuanians at least in their dance). Tuesday at International House of the University of Chicago, Wednesday at Northwestern University Settlement — Polish work only, Thursday at Fellowship House (in Bridgeport) and Friday at Roosevelt College. Wheew!

Otherwise.... "Ah hates to see the summer sun go down". Pasimatysim. —Vytis-Fin.

CALLING ALL SUPERSTITIONISTS!

Dear Gene: (Gene Wierbach)

Keep on trying! There is more to the old superstitions than most of the superficial moderns have ever dreamed of. Yesterday I was having lunch with a friend in one of the down-town hotels here, when I knocked over the salt-shaker. I immediately picked up the salt and threw it over my left shoulder to avoid bad luck. I have nothing but good luck since yesterday (knock! knock! knock!). I have just knocked on wood, to ward off any danger that might come from boasting!

Do you believe in ghosts? I am like John Wesley. I have never seen one, but every time I pass a country graveyard at night, I always look for some white-robed, misty figure to arise. Don't you?

Did a witch ever cast its spell over you? I am not

sure that they have, or haven't, but I do know that in the mountains of my native state of Kentucky, the witches would have brought ruin and tragedy to many of my fellow countrymen, had it not been for the witch doctor, who knew how to break their spell. Did you ever have a wart removed by a magic cure? When I was a little girl, I had a wart on my left thumb. The scar still remains. The wart would have been there still had I not stolen a piece of bacon from my father's smoke-house, rubbed it on the wart and buried it behind the chimney. Did you ever have a sty on your eye? I did, but it didn't stay long, because I doctored myself in the old folk way by going to a cross-road and repeating the old magic lines, "Sty, sty, go off my eye, and go to the next one who passes by!"

Now the reason I am writing this letter to you is that I want your help and that of the readers of "Viltis" in finding superstitions, proverbs, folk cures, weather signs, riddles, legends, ghost, witch, and even fairy tales, for the book I am doing for Dodd, Mead & Co.

Will you and "Viltis" readers please write me or our good friend Vyts pronto? — Sincerely,

Sarah Gertrude Knott,
National Folk Festival Director

LITHS IN THE WEST

Dear Mr. Beliajus:

Many pleasant recollections came to me from your travelogue of last summer to Mandan, N. D., along the Montana border and visit to the Sitting Bull's grave. Perhaps you thought you were the only one of our tribe to visit that section, but permit me to repeat how small this world of ours is by telling you that about fifty five years ago, and I am only a youngster now, I served at Fort Keogh on the Montana side from Mandan in the 22nd U. S. Infantry. While there I received requests from my aunt in Lithuania to find her son Joe Pampalas-Casper whose address also contained "Mont", like mine, and that he trapped for furs in winter and prospected for gold in summer. I picked the wildest part in the northwest of that state and told my woe to a few postmasters there. One of them wrote me that a man of that description once every six months came there for mail and that my letter would be handed to him. Yes, he was there. Then he moved to Anchorage, Alaska, conducting for many years a general merchandise store. I thought that he must be tough "hombre" to do all that, but when he visited me some years later in New York, I was surprised how gentlemanly he was in all his ways, he refrained from smoking, drinking and did not know one cuss word.

While visiting my good friend Dr. John Waluk of Brooklyn one day and was telling how dangerous it was to cross on foot the Northern Pacific RR. bridge over the Tongue River near Miles City, all at once I saw a big smile on his face. "Why", he said, "right at the end of that bridge in the roundhouse of that railroad I worked several summers while making my way through the medical college in New York".

And right in my library there rests on the mantel the original Sitting Bull's pipe of peace, which was taken from his cabin after the battle of the Little Big Horn River by Edward G. Daly, who then had served in the Fifth U. S. Infantry and was acting as a teamster for the Seventh Cavalry. We were good friends and he gave it to me together with a lot of other Sitting Bull's trinkets which during these many years were destroyed by moths.

My cousin died in the home of his sister in Billings, Washington. Perhaps, no may be, we all will follow the same trail. However, let others tell some of theirs.

Vincent F. Jankauskas